UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Armistice Day Number

The Way to Celebrate

By SYDNEY STRONG

To the Unknown Soldier

By B. FRANKLIN HUNTER

Editorials on the Locarno Agreements

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVI MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1925 NUMBER 8

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS
(For Armistice Day)

Many have sung your brave surrendering
Of youth's gold sceptre now beyond regain,
Many have knelt in reverence, priest and king
Pay homage to your sacrifice and pain.

But I would sing the pity of your fate,
The crying, naked pity of your fall,
Where is your glory, you who pass the gate
Into the spirit throng beyond recall?

I sing the pity of each wreath and flower,
The lonely pity of your marble home,
How radiant had been life's eager hour,
With yours the land, with yours the sea to roam!

I sing the pity of this human blunder,
The shame of those who never learn the truth,
The crying, naked shame of those who plunder
The treasure-house of our resplendent youth!

For UNITY. LUCIA TRENT.

Armistice Day dawns this year, its seventh anniversary, with brighter skies than we have seen since the close of the Great War, or than we dared to anticipate even a few short months ago. The glories of that first Armistice Day faded quickly enough away. The cessation of arms was no peace at all, but only the preparation for another war not less terrible because less obvious. Germany, betrayed, humiliated, insulted at Versailles, was made a permanent bond-slave for the future. Armies were quartered upon her territory; tax-gatherers were fastened upon her people. When toil and sweat proved inadequate to supply the tribute exacted by her conquerors, her land was invaded, and her resources seized for exploitation. But it did not work! This after-war, like the war itself, was as disastrous to victor as to vanquished. The "fruits of victory" were dust and ashes to the hands that plucked them. Europe went steadily from bad to worse, until at last it began to dawn upon the minds of baffled statesmen that war must cease. Today we behold what seem to be genuine efforts to end the indecent and dangerous situation which has endured in Europe during the last seven years. *A new Armistice has been declared which, God willing, may lead at this late day to the peace of which we dreamed in 1918.* The Locarno agreements are discussed below. Here let it be recorded that they begin feebly, inadequately, and yet definitely, what all peace-lovers have known and said must be undertaken if Europe is to be saved—namely, the destruction of the Treaty of Versailles! This Treaty should never have been written; written, it should never have been accepted. America's action in rejecting it seemed never before so wise and right as at this moment when France, England and Italy are taking the first steps into the path in which she led. What is now so marvelously begun must be continued till the Versailles Treaty is reduced to a scrap of paper. Then will come peace, disarmament, a true league of nations, a brotherhood of man. The world is not yet lost—it may still be saved!

A reading of the full texts of the Locarno agreements confirms the original hopes of these documents, if not all the ecstatic pronouncements of the journalists who have acclaimed them. We have learned to grow wary of the "holy-rolling" of the newspaper correspondents, especially since the Washington Conference. So we do not believe that Locarno is the new Jerusalem come down upon the earth. The refusal to open up the question of war-guilt and thus relieve Germany of the lie imposed upon her at Versailles, shows that the Allies are still unrepentant, or at least unashamed. The outbreak of hostilities between Greece and Bulgaria, creditably handled by the League of Nations, be it said, reveals the Balkans as a danger zone untouched as yet by European diplomacy. Lastly the exclusion of Russia from the family counsels of the nations is enough in itself to prevent any undue optimism about achievements today and prospects tomorrow. War has not been abolished, peace has not been established, the problem of Europe has not been solved. But when every reservation has thus been recognized and every reason for caution noted, it still remains true that the Locarno agreements constitute the most blessed event that has transpired since the Armistice, and promise thus to mark a milestone in the slow progress of the race toward peace. Germany's relinquishment of her claims to Alsace-Lorraine and the consequent removal of this fateful question from international politics is sufficient cause for beacons on every hillside from the English Channel to the Sea of Marmora. Add to this the solemn pledge of France and Germany never to fight again, but on the contrary to submit all questions in dispute whatsoever to settlement by arbitration or the judicial process, plus the guarantee of this pledge by Great Britain and Italy, plus the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations, and we have a situation of unprecedented promise of future good. Here is what seems to be a genuine healing of the sorest spot in Europe. If the aggravations to war can be removed here, why can they not be removed everywhere?

The most delightful thing about the Locarno settlements, from our standpoint in this paper, is that the principle of agreement is none other than the Outlawry of War. Here we see exemplified, in practical world statesmanship, the very policy which we have been urging in these columns, unceasingly, in support of the Levinson-Borah program. Thus, France and Germany have agreed to outlaw war, so far as their relations together are concerned. If either nation breaks the compact and makes appeal to arms, this action is to be regarded as a crime, duly punishable by the nations guaranteeing the agreements. Following this, France and Germany have bound themselves to settle all disputes at the bar of reason, not excepting the old bugaboo questions of national sovereignty and national honor. By this complete and final substitution of law for war, these nations have put into effect exactly what the Outlawry of War advocates have been urging from the beginning as the only feasible solution of the problem of peace. The one diversion from the outlawry program, and it is a serious one, is in the matter of the guarantees or sanctions entered into by Great Britain and Italy. It is surprising, as it is also regrettable, to find Austen Chamberlain putting his signature to a sanction of arms, a resort to war to prevent or punish war, after his explicit declaration, in his speech at Geneva on March 12th last, that the sanction of force is as unnecessary as it is unwise. "Do what we will," he said, in entire accord with the outlawry program, "we have no choice but . . . to depend upon the plighted word." In not so defending, Locarno may well have been laying the foundations of its own ruin. But on the other hand, we must not demand too much. With so much accomplished, the rest is bound to follow. What is of supreme importance at this moment is that outlawry is to be tried as a practical remedy for the most desperate ill in the body politic of Europe. Tried here, it will speedily be tried elsewhere, on the basis of mutual treaty agreements, as Levinson and Borah have always urged, till war at last has been banished from our planet.

Several other things, of greater or less importance in this Locarno compact, may be set down in this single paragraph. (1)—Thus, this settlement leads straight to the one way open to international disarmament. Again and again we have pointed out in these columns that arms, while a contributing cause of war, are at bottom a consequence of war, or of the social conditions and states of mind that lead to war. Men go to war not primarily because they are armed, but they are armed primarily because they go, or fear to go, or expect to go, to war. Our problem therefore is not to get rid of arms, but to get rid of *war*. See how it works in Europe at this moment! War is outlawed between the two oldest and bitterest enemies on the continent, and immediately preparations are made for a conference on disarmament. (2)—Again, this Locarno settlement is momentous in its effect upon the psychology of European peoples. We do not under-estimate the influence of economic forces in the affairs of this world, but neither do we underestimate the influence of psychological forces. Central to any understanding of the war and peace problem is the human mind, and central to the mind are the elements of confidence and fear. Give two peoples confidence in one another, and war is made as difficult as an explosion in dampened gun powder. Establish fear between them, however, with the inevitable accompaniments of suspicion and hate, and war is made as easy as the spark in the flint. For generations the French and Germans have been living side by side in this condition of intolerable fear. Now this fear is removed, and peace seems possible. (3)—Finally, we would emphasize the vast importance of Germany's entrance into the League of Nations. This means much for Germany, more for the League, most for Europe and the world. All in all, it was a good day's work that was done at Locarno last month. If the structure of the Millenium was not actually raised, some deep and wide foundations at least were laid.

There have been many terrible revelations in recent years of the deliberate wickedness—the lies, malice and deceit—of war propaganda, but nothing we have seen anywhere compares for a moment with the story told last month to members of the National Arts Club in New York by Brig. Gen. J. V. Charteris, Chief of Intelligence of the British Army during the Great War. This tale has to do with the famous charge that Germany boiled the bodies of her dead soldiers in order to obtain fats. We remember distinctly when this story filled our newspapers, and was everywhere used as final evidence of German barbarism. Was there ever any truth in it? Not a particle! On the contrary, it was deliberately invented in cold blood, and Gen. Charteris now tells us how. England, it seems, was worried about the attitude of China, which seemed to favor Germany. "One day"—we quote the report in the New York *Times*, October 20, page 10—

> there came to the desk of General Charteris a mass of material taken from German prisoners and dead soldiers. In it were two pictures, one showing a train taking dead horses to the rear so that fat and other things needed for fertilizer and munitions might be obtained from them, and the other showing a train taking dead Germans to the rear for burial. On the picture showing the horses was the word "cadaver."
>
> Knowing how the Chinese revere their ancestors and their dead, General Charteris had the caption telling of "cadaver" being sent back to the fat factory transposed to the picture showing the German dead, and had the photograph sent to a Chinese newspaper in Shanghai. He forgot all about it until six weeks later a letter from a Chinese reader of The Field, an English publication devoted to fishing and hunting, appeared in that magazine telling the story of the "horrible boiling down of German soldiers" which had appeared in China.
>
> It might have ended there if some indignant Englishman had not written to the London *Times* to explain that the pictures must be a fake, because the word cadaver in German was used only with reference to animals, which, General Charteris said,

was perfectly correct. But an English physician also wrote in to say that in Austria, where he studied medicine, the word cadaver was used in the dissecting room and he thought the tale must be true.

The controversy raged until all England thought it must be true, and the German newspapers printed indignant denials. The matter came up in the House of Commons and an interrogation was made which was referred to General Charteris, who answered that from what he know of the German mentality, he was prepared for anything. It was the only time, he said, during the war, when he actually dodged the truth.

The matter might have gone even further, for an ingenious person in his office offered to write a diary of a German soldier, telling of his transfer from the front after two years of fighting to an easy berth in a factory, and of his horror at finding that he was to assist there in boiling down his brother soldiers. He obtained a transfer to the front and was killed.

It was planned to place this forged diary in the clothing of a dead German soldier and have it discovered by a war correspondent who had a passion for German diaries. General Charteris decided that the deception had gone far enough and that there might be an error in the diary which would have led to the exposure of its falsity. Such a result would have imperiled all the British propaganda, he said, and he did not think it worth while, but the diary is now in the war museum in London.

We print this account *in extenso* because it constitutes a kind of final demonstration of what war propaganda is. Here in this tale are falsehood, forgery, false witness, slander—every crime against truth and honor that is known to human experience. And Gen. Charteris not only confesses it but boasts of it! Such is war! And such also is human nature that we imagine if another war came tomorrow we would believe again that our enemy was butchering children, was cutting off the breasts of women, was boiling the bodies of his dead soldiers for fat!

All honor to the Episcopalian clergymen who have stood up in their boots and pulpits and denounced the unfrocking of Bishop Brown for what that action is—a betrayal of the spirit of Jesus Christ. Two of these clergymen are in New York, and we salute them for their courage and their true discipleship to their Master. One, Dr. Robert Norwood, speaking in his great pulpit at St. Bartholomew's Church, declared flatly that Jesus would not have treated Bishop Brown as the convention did. Whether or not Bishop Brown was a believer, according to the orthodox standards of the faith, said Dr. Norwood, it still remained a fact that he had done the work of Christ in ministering gently and lovingly through many years to stricken souls. He had "fed my sheep," and that is all that should be asked! Still more outspoken was Dr. John A. Wade, Rector of St. John the Evangelist. "I was present," said Dr. Wade,

at the deposition of Bishop Brown in New Orleans, and it was a sight to make the angels weep. The Christ of ecclesiasticism was there, and Jesus of Nazareth had neither part nor lot in the proceedings.

The Presiding Bishop told us that he, as the Right Reverend so and so and Doctor of Divinity, deposed Bishop William Montgomery Brown. Not one word of regret or sorrow that that painful duty should be imposed upon him. Not one word of the magnificent work which Bishop Brown has done for God and man and the religion of Jesus. Cold, formal, stupid, deadly ecclesiasticism was supreme.

It seemed a farce to hear the prayer, "Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings," when the whole proceeding had been cut and dried beforehand. The requisite number of witnesses were present, the legal advocat stood by in smug complacency, and I could not help but ask myself what would Jesus of Nazareth do with the erring one. I think I hear the Christ putting his great and only test for discipleship and apostleship, "William Montgomery Brown, lovest thou me?" And I think I hear the saintly Brown reply with a full heart, "Lord, thou who knowest all things, knowest that I love thee." And I hear the great, good Christ saying, not "I depose thee," but "feed my sheep."

Dr. Wade went on to say that he didn't endorse Bishop Brown's famous book, but that this book was not the question. The real question pertains not to opinions but to life, said Dr. Wade, and here Bishop Brown stands among the most exalted of mankind.

The public at large knows little of Bishop Brown's wonderful work, nor of his saintly life, and if I were on my death-bed tomorrow, I would rather have Brown, so-called heretic, near me, than any of his accusers.

Ecclesiasticism is a damnable thing. Ecclesiasticism is a thrice damnable thing. It is more damnable and inexcusable now than when it killed the Lord Christ.

Brave words—and true words, too! The Episcopal Church stands disgraced by the action of its own anointed leaders. Yet is it not wholly lost, for there are eleven bishops—all honor to them!—who voted against the deposition of their spiritual brother, and there are fearless witnesses here and there, like Dr. Norwood and Dr. Wade, who are showing forth the truth. We refuse to despair of any church which possesses such a saving remnant.

Armistice Day—The Way to Celebrate

Americans promise to add another holiday to their hodge-podge calendar of civic-political-social-militaristic days to be celebrated. The nation will soon have a calendar as long as that of the Anglican or Roman Church. And it is growing up in exactly the same way that the church calendars grew up, largely through fiction, superstition, bunk and the desire of the present generation to exploit the riches of a good name, for selfish gain. If I had to choose between a church "calendar" and a state "calendar"—like the one evolving in America, I think I should prefer the church "calendar." But I choose to celebrate neither, since most sacred days and saints-shrines are rooted in fiction. And no saint is recognized (it is the same with the question of the recognition of Russia) until his name is of value to the rulers, in state or church, for purposes of exploitation. The reason, for example, Republicans celebrate "Lincoln Day" is not to learn to follow his example, but to use his name to put over some political scheme.

The writer would not celebrate any "days"—because being ethically and spiritually wasteful and misleading. On this subject Jesus uttered some warnings.

But what to do with "Armistice Day" which is with

us? To those who do "celebrate" let it be clearly seen that it is based upon a fiction and even that fiction has been already perverted, as all "days" are perverted, since there are ever people lacking talent to create something new, who find delight crawling into cast-off shells of action, assuring the passer-by that here is reality. Armistice Day is based upon a fiction—to use no stronger word. Armistice Day came out of a solemn promise, made by our President Wilson and oked by the Allies, as contained in the 14 points. The Central Powers laid down their arms on the strength of that promise, and Armistice Day was born. Now, it is impossible to disguise the fact that in almost every particular, the U. S. A. and the Allies in the Versailles conference lost sight of the 14 points and deliberately proceeded—not to make peace with the Central Powers —but to rob them, to use no uglier word. Armistice Day did not bring peace to the world, but war. Why celebrate actions, over which we should hang our head in shame?

The day has been further perverted. "Armistice" is a peace-word. Certain militarists even sought to capture it for a mobilization of the war forces of the nation. That was too raw. This morning's newspaper states that the day will be celebrated in our city by a spectacular torch-light parade of veterans. (I wonder what the ghosts of the "boys over there" would say about this.) Further, a good citizen, Rev. Clarence Thwing of our city—may his tribe increase—politely asked that our school board have the schools celebrate Armistice Day "in the interests of international peace," but this petition was denied, Superintendent Cole stating that the schools would celebrate the day "exactly as in previous years, so as to give fitting recognition to those who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War." Thus we are to have two Memorial days and to add another day to the calendar of our state religion, the idolatry and superstition of which are manifesting themselves with leaps and bounds. The day is thus based upon a fiction, and a fiction that has been perverted. Why celebrate? And to illuminate the point that is here made, before the writer lies the bulletin of the Seattle Council of Churches saying: "Armistice Day—honor our heroic dead. Promote educationally the cause for which they died—'the war to end war.'" How stupid and bewildered the stradling Church is!

But those who do "celebrate." What suggestions have we?

1. Let it be made a day of repentance. Is the Anglo-Saxon capable of repentance? When I recall his centuries of exploitation of weaker peoples, of his robberies and butcheries in Africa, Asia, Europe and the Americas (if there were any other continents I should be compelled to name them), when I recall his imperialism and militarism—I wonder whether he may not have gone beyond the chance of repentance, reached a point where he is "past feeling." I confess I do not know. I am confident that without repentance he is without hope in the future, for the Power that rules our destinies is just.

2. On Armistice Day let all real Americans pray for a return of American freedom. The things that have happened during the past ten years in our country may well alarm every lover of liberty. The exclusion of the Japanese, of Saklatvala, of Countess Karolyi—the brutal arresting of the Chinese recently and deporting of several score through the port of Seattle, the same thing done several years ago to as many Russians through the port of New York—these foolish and cruel things, which are only samples of a flood of similar incidents in our national life, are clear proof that America is no longer a "sweet land of liberty," but a by-word among freedom-lovers the world over. No real American is afraid of freedom. Is America's fear on account of a guilty conscience? Our President is calling attention to lawlessness in the nation. I for one do not marvel at it; I expect it. When I hear of these illegal and autocratic things done by our officials my whole soul rises up in protest and rebellion, just as my fathers' did in 1776. And let me tell the President that the way to get a return of law-keeping is to throw overboard the militarists and to remove repressive laws. Respect for our officials and laws must be won back.

3. Let Armistice Day be marked by the Forgiveness of Debts. Let America forgive the debts of her friends and enemies. As a big creditor nation, America is winning the hatred and jealousy of the whole world. Besides, these debts will never be paid. Meanwhile, the nations are to keep up a lying front. If America had the character to say to the world, "Fellow criminals in the big (not great) war, we have all been fools and been on a big debauch (quite exactly true). You owe me more than you will ever be able to pay; besides it would bankrupt me if you did pay—so I will wipe the slate clean, your debts are forgiven, and let's throw away our devil-weapons and swear off on future debauchery, and call war just what it is—hell, murder, crime"—the world would leap forward a century in progress.

4. Let Armistice Day be celebrated by the "recognition of Russia"—which land should not by the way be called "Russia" but the "Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics." The peace of the world will not be secured until the United States "recognizes" the Soviet Republics. After being in Russia twice and spending a year —1922-23—in Europe, I wrote President Coolidge that it was my profound conviction drawn from an open-minded absorption of conditions in Europe, that peace *could not* come to Europe (and so the world) until the United States recognized Russia. I am still certain that that is true. Many reasons for not recognizing Russia may be found or made, but there are many reasons for not "recognizing" Britain and France (to mention only

the butcheries among the Riffs and among the Chinese and not to mention the centuries of exploitation promoted by our neighbors), but there are many reasons for recognizing Russia, chief among which is the fact that the present government promises to be permanent, is accepted by the people of Russia and desires to be friendly with the United States—but chiefly that the peace of the world depends upon these two peoples having friendly relations.

5. Let Armistice Day be a day on which the Pope, the Archbishops, the preachers will exercise their prerogative as "spokesmen of God." This is their claim from the Pope on. Surely, mankind was never more in need of hearing the "voice of God." Why don't they—one and all—speak up. Armistice Day would be a good time! These heads of Christendom—*now* is the time that the heads were being used! They *know* what is going on. They *know* that British are slashing throats in China and India, that French are bombing and poisoning the "Innocents" in Africa. They *know* that the skirts of America are not bloodless. They *know* that for decades the rulers have been engaged in robberies and murder. They *know* too that all this is contrary to the will of God whose Voice they assume to be. But why are his chosen spokesmen silent? Is God dead? Many people think he is. Can these restore faith? Armistice might well be the day for the Pope, Archbishops and preachers to speak up as the Voice of God. They *know*. They know the names of the nations who have done these things, starved the children and the women, butchered the defenseless, robbed the weak. They know the rulers who like Herod have massacred the innocents. Why are the Voices of God dumb?

Armistice Day would be a good day for you to speak. Why not speak against the rulers as did Elijah against bloody Ahab?

Voices of God, the world waits. Humanity, in this dread hour of doubt and misery, is listening for the Voice of God. Men are perishing without. Why are you dumb? Armistice Day would be a good day for the "Voices of God" to speak.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

"This world of ours has no other guarantee of peace than the sword"—Archbishop Kelly, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, Australia, as reported in the Sydney *Herald*, July 27, 1925.

"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"—Jesus, of Nazareth, Palestine, as reported in St. Matthew's Gospel, 26:52.

The distance between these two utterances is the distance between Christianity and the religion of Jesus.

No man these days is wielding a more effective pen for peace than Kirby Page. Two of his most recent books are "An American Peace Policy" and "Imperialism and Nationalism."

We have recently learned of a summer church at Watch Hill, Rhode Island, which serves Catholics for early mass, combined Protestant faiths for morning service, and a congregation of negro servants in the afternoon. Here is an interesting illustration of the vindication and the break-down of real Christianity in one and the same place. The vindication is in the morning when Catholics and a great variety of Protestants find it possible to use a single church for religious worship; the breakdown comes in the afternoon when people who are at once negroes and servants are thrust off to worship by themselves.

The Baldwin government has gone crazy again, and is smashing up Communist headquarters, stealing Communist property, arresting Communist leaders. It has done all this before, without the slightest effect upon the movement; why do it again? Communism is developing a strength in England which is amazing. May it not be because, among other things, it is the one political group now being actively persecuted?

The exclusion of Countess Karolyi from this country, following hard as it does upon the silencing of her husband a year ago and the exclusion of Saklatvala a month ago, brings the problem of the State Department to a climax. Personally we would like to settle the question by offering to exchange the Department for one first-class idiot asylum.

The ban placed on Arthur Henderson by the Rotarians of Hartford, Connecticut, stirs the query as to why the State Department allowed this distinguished Socialist to cross our borders. Is it possible that there is a loop-hole in the Department—that there is one official there who is not plain demented?

J. H. H.

I Am the Unknown Soldier

I am the Unknown Soldier.

I was slain in battle.

In this your world—once my world, also, where the sun shines through the boundless sea of the azure blue: where the scent of flowers fills the summer air: where music thrills you with its soft and soulful strains: where little children laugh and play: where, when your world is sane, Love, Sympathy, Generosity, Compassion, and all the Godlier sentiments charm you into a veritable Heaven of Virtue—in that same world I was slain in battle.

My body was once full of life: my mind full of hope; and my soul cherished high ambitions; but now I am a mass of lifeless clay, and you have laid me in one of your mausoleums. My sepulchre is made beautiful with the sculptor's art: your requiems were sung in solemn tones; and your plaudits all but beggared your speech when you laid me here as "The Unknown Soldier."

My tongue is silent, and fortunate, indeed, are you for this. But, Oh! if I could but speak out from the grave in which I lie! If only the heart of a dead soldier could give voice to an unutterable cry to a warring world! If this could only be, then, perchance, it might be that the very stones would take up my cry, and ring out my message to the very ears of heaven.

If I could but tell the thoughts that were mine on that tragic day when I fell, pierced with the death-darts that are hurled in war.

It was a day in June, and all around me it seemed as if Nature was singing a Love-song. The birds were all a'tune with their mating notes, and I looked out into the distance where, tho' I could not see them, was the advancing foe.

In all the air above me were the weird noises made by the missiles of war in their deadly flight. Then it was that I thought of the sad Rachels on both sides of the conflict who would be weeping for their lost children, and my very heart sank within me as I pictured the armed hosts of living men tragically stricken with death and mutilation.

In the midst of all this districting roar and horror I somehow spanned the chasm between this gore-spotted earth and my home of the yesteryears. I saw my mother's waving tresses caress my face as she tucked me away in my trundle-bed and kissed me "Good-Night." I recalled the loving counsels wherewith she had hoped to make me grow to the fulness of manly stature, and then send me forth into the world to make it more kindly and human; and then—then—just as those dreams were about to come to full fruition, War came.

And I remembered that ghastly and death-like stare that came into that mother's eyes when the same Congress that had declared war had also passed a "Conscription Act"; and that same Congress had been opened with a Chaplain's Prayer.

And there rang again in my ears the wild cries of "Patriotism"—a cry that catches a war-frenzied world. But, somehow, something gripped me as with the hold of a Titan, for it was the over-mastering thought that the greater Patriotism was to keep a Nation out of war rather than to hurl it into the deadly mêlée. But the waves of hysteria and hate were rising to high-tide, and I felt that my very Soul was stabbed unto death when they sent me into the camps of the armed hosts; and, when the war-master handed me the deadly rifle for battle, I felt that I was passing through a compulsory metamorphosis from a humanitarian to a warrior. It seemed, verily, that I was writing with my own hand the verdict of my own soul's damnation.

In all this panorama that passed before my vision was the thought of a night when our camp-talk centered around the "Conscientious Objectors." God knows that I was one of them! And when I told the men that I was opposed to war, they all cried out as with one voice—"We were all conscientious Objectors!" And to this was added the outcry of another voice in the rear of the camp—"We are all going to hell in uniform!" Then it seemed to me that the very stars turned black, and that their light had gone out.

And the night before the battle in which I fell we had with us the Chaplain of the Regiment. It so happened that this same Chaplain was the preacher who, in other days, had asked me to give my heart to Christ, and to live as He had lived. I was almost aghast with what seemed to me to be a spectacle of moral apostasy. This Chaplain: this Pulpiteer of a Temple dedicated to the worship of "The Prince of Peace," had left his sacred chancel-rails; and, now on the very spot where men were making targets of their brothers' hearts, this Chaplain was beseeching the blessing of God upon the embattled hosts: praying for a victory of arms and in the very name of Him who said:—"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

That day when I went out with the warring hosts I felt that I had become a veritable savage. Every vestige of everything that I had revered within myself as human seemed to be turned into something diabolically bad. Indeed, I felt so cruel that I saw myself going forth with the mark of Cain upon my forehead.

What now, Oh world!—you the living world—what now are your plaudits to me! You say that I "gave" my life for my country, but the trench-graves from which you have taken my slain body—those graves are full of those who, if they could but speak, would exclaim as with one voice—"We did not 'give' our lives—you took them!"

I did not want to die for life was sweet to me.

What can dead men do for their country? It is the living, and no others, that can make up the worth while assets of a Nation.

Away with all your lies and your false adulations!

It is no glory to me that you attempt to do me honor. You take the lives of the living: hurl them into the maelstrom and vortex of the embattled hosts, and then with your garnished phrases you would feign decorate with euphony that sum of all brutalities—War!

Talk not of your "Next War." In this you are playing with fire. That thin veneer that you call "Civilization" is too delicate a covering to be ruthlessly handled.

I fell in your last war, and, my word for it, Oh World! if you can give ear to the voice of the dead, Pray! believe that a "next war" will be the end. It will be Civilization's death-knell: the end of all that is called "Human": all that the world has loved will be lost, and then—then—for this Race of ours night will have come!

B. Franklin Hunter.

International Relations*

When I was about to start for my tour in China and Japan, there was an enthusiastic meeting in Calcutta, where my countrymen came together to express their joy at my taking this journey to the great Eastern countries. I felt with a sense of delight that the consciousness of kinship was waxing stronger among our people and that its growth might lead to a great future for Asia.

My friends who came to wish me happy times on these shores, asked me also to convey to your country their feelings of love and respect for you. They also requested me to ask you to rise above circumstances, favorable or unfavorable, and to prove the dignity of Eastern mind. They are all waiting to see a great Renaissance in Asia through Japan, where life is at its floodtide, and they wish she would wake up to the great responsibility she has, not only to her own people, but to the great continent to which she belongs.

At the same time, they wanted me to offer to your people their heartfelt sympathy for the disaster which has so suddenly overtaken your country. I am sure that the calamities over which you have no hand came to prove your manhood, and are in themselves an opportunity. Disasters only become absolutely disastrous when we know not how to deal with them.

Now that I have come to Japan, I realize with what courage you have accepted your tribulations. I see no sign of despair in your faces; I see that you have within yourselves that indomitable resourcefulness which will help you to make good the loss. I do not mean that they will merely make your position stronger even than before; but the fact that you are able to face misfortune of such an overwhelming nature in the right spirit, will gain for you greater prestige among other nations, and give you a firmer confidence in your own power.

All great civilizations are built upon numberless ruins,—the toppled down towers of victory and wealth. It is only human beings in this world of life who have found their greatness through the desperate urgings of unfavorable circumstances. Humanity has never been pampered, petted and spoilt by Nature, but rather respected by being given constant opportunity to overcome the obstacles of failures and losses. I believe that what has now happened to you, and has brought your gathered resources of years to the dust in a moment, will inspire you to make a better beginning for a more vigorous experiment. You will realize that the people's life, like a waterfall, finds its full force of movement through courageous leaps from peak to peak of new trials.

This earthquake has only been the cause of physical upset for you, but unfortunately, closely following this, you have also received lately a rude moral shock in your national relations with another people, and this has deeply hurt your people, even more than the former which was only physical, because it has come with deliberate purpose from human hands. And yet what I expect to see among your people at this time of crisis is the same dignity of calm and patient fortitude.

You are on your trial to-day. The eyes of all nations are upon you in this calamity. Great tribulations in our history should never fail to give us the occasion to bring out the best resources of our life, so as not only to reveal them to the outer world, but—and this is more valuable—to reveal them to ourselves. If to-day you can discover some hidden source of magnanimity with which to face the insult and injury, if you can keep the majesty of your mind unimpaired, then you will be happy, and future generations will be thankful to you.

You have discovered one thing, that this earthquake, though but physical, and therefore causing you only material loss, has yet a great similarity to the disturbance of your relations with a western country; for, the latter is also external, having in it no acknowledgment of moral law. Any relationship which had a moral value, would have been stronger than before at this time of suffering. But your relationship, as it was, was precarious. Any little event would have proved its hollowness. This was inevitable because it was not based upon the comradeship of human hearts. It had for its basis a sense of mere expediency, that lacked the frankness of youth and had the calculating spirit of senility. It was a treacherously shifting base upon which you could never have built your best hopes.

It is unfortunate that such disillusionment always gives rise to our baser passions. We feel angry and vengeful and eager to retaliate. Only then it becomes a complete defeat. I know if this insult had been offered by you to any western country, there would have been furious outbreaks of violence, of Ku Klux Klanism, of atrocious lynching against your people, and even its scientists and scholars would have had no shame in repudiating the claims of science and scholarship in your country. But is it right that you should copy that? Is it right that you, along with your political defeat, should accept moral defeat? I hope that your people, through your spiritual generosity, through your true pride of civilization and through that sense of hospitality, which has been your birthright for centuries, will exercise your mind that has been trained and gifted with a wonderful self-control.

I should deplore very deeply the appearance of any sign of decay in these great traits of character that you possess. This is the time when you can bring out of your store all the wealth of moral heroism that you have inherited from your forefathers. This is the time to put to shame those others who have treated you in this unchivalrous manner, showing that their profession of friendship was all the while waiting for your weak moment, shamelessly to contradict itself. I do not think that any symptom of political hysteria on your part, is at all seemly at this time, or in accordance with your national tradition.

If we find you indulging just now in vulgar boisterousness, we shall know that it is weakness, which you have borrowed through those importers of moral drugs from abroad. We have been schooled in the West, where they become hypnotized by the sight of open and public expressions of vengefulness, the modern vision of the naked war-dance of the savage. I hope that you will be saved from this. Real suicide it would be, if you were to forget your own true character, and the fact that there is a kind of death far worse than physical death itself.

In the East, we have had the courage to have faith even in impossible ideals. You all know that it was a prophet of the East who could say: "Love your enemies." You know too of another prophet of the East who could say: "Conquer anger by non-anger and evil by goodness." There are those in the West, who

*A lecture delivered in Japan.

have accepted these teachings in their churches and yet who feel extremely nervous when they are reminded of them, when they find that such teaching is commercially unprofitable and politically inconvenient. Some of our friends here, who have studied Indian History, will tell you how these ideals have been pursued and believed in, and how men went to extreme lengths of non-killing, of non-violence, and of non-anger.

You have perhaps also learnt from the newspapers how a prophet has arisen in India, who has likewise proclaimed that you have to conquer violence by non-violence. He speaks like a prophet of the East and insists that what has been translated into the Bible of the West must not only be pursued in the personal lives of individuals but must be given the best possible expression in our national lives.

Perhaps most of you will not accept this teaching,—you will not be able to apply it to your national life. I understand your misgivings and sympathize with you in your want of faith. But let us discuss this point.

There was a time when our lives were simpler, when the spirit of the people was hospitable. This spirit has been overcome by the spirit of the Nation, with its intense consciousness of self-interest concentrated in political organization. Such an unlimited cultivation of over-consciousness of self by the whole people, must inevitably produce its harvest of suspicion, hatred and inhospitable exclusiveness. And therefore if you have been rudely treated by a nation, and abruptly hustled out whenever it has been safe for it to disclose its moral crudity, there is no cause for surprise. It is of no use to be angry either against the earthquake, or against such eruptions of moral catastrophe, which are inevitable when this phenomenon that we term the Nation is rampant.

To be just and fair, you have to acknowledge that you also have been unjust and grasping where your nation has had a safe opportunity to manifest its evil aspect. I have a deep love and respect for you as a people, but when as a nation you have your dealings with other nations you also can be deceptive, cruel and efficient in handling those methods in which the western nations show such mastery. You must not plume yourselves that when you are suffering from small-pox, your skin and temperature behave better than those of other people who have the same malady.

Let us consider how this demoniacal power of the Nation has arisen. The nature of the people depends for its manifestation upon its creative personality. It has religion, arts, literature, traditions of social responsibility and co-operation. Its wealth to maintain itself and power of defence are secondary; they are not the ultimate ends for the people. But the Nation manifests itself in its property. The people represent life, the nation materials; when they are in harmony, that is to say, when material possessions keep to their own limits and the creative life is unhampered in its spontaneous activity, then civilization is hospitable and generous. This being the case in the olden times it was possible for India to find her home in the heart of China and Japan, and your administrators did not busy themselves to find out if some groups of idealists, freed from barriers of passport offices, were finding access to the heart of your country, instead of into its gaols with police spies at their heels.

But when material possessions become too vast for a people, or when in competition with others the desire for material wealth rouses its ambition, then all its time and mind are occupied with very little else. The man who is "millionaire" is dragged by the very weight of his millions to the path of the multitude of millions. Then he has no time for culture, or for the poetry of life; he strictly barricades himself against visitors, whom he cannot but suspect to be self-seekers, being selfish in his own out-look upon life. In other words he becomes professional, and the human in him is banished into the shade.

Since nature's storehouse of power and wealth has been opened by the help of science, some people who know how to take advantage of it have suddenly grown enormously rich and others are incited to follow their example. The people, who were human, who were creative and social in their self-expression, have become professional, enormously self-centered and anti-social in their tendency of mind. Material wealth and power, with their very bulk, have occupied the greater part of the space, time and mind, of the people, necessitating a tremendous expense of thought and resources for ensuring its safety.

Material possessions create the worst divisions in human society when they are disproportionately big and naturally unmindful of moral responsibility. Therefore the Nation, the presiding genius of the material department of the people, can not but be hard and exclusive. And in the modern age this department has become the most proudly domineering of all other manifestations of human society. It has made the craving for money universal and has given the name of Progress to the raising of the material standard of living.

We all know how those who are immoderately rich suffer from a sense of class-distinction; how money, which is a dead thing, acts as an impenetrable wall around their self-imprisonment. Within this dungeon of illusion, they are proud of their segregation. This process is going on not only with individuals, but with the prosperous nations. And it is just these prosperous nations which become most suspicious of idealism, which barricade their doors with spies, police and prohibitions in order to safeguard their citadel of wealth, where the human spirit languishes and where there is no touch of life.

Such nations are doomed and they carry the curse of God in their money bags. They will die in the very enclosures which they have built for themselves,—enclosures of wealth, of high walls of national distinction impenetrable for others. Yet these are the people who once professed faith in a man, and even accepted him to be their God; who said it was easier for a camel to pass through the needle's eye than for the rich to find access to the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven is here on this earth. It is there, where we realize our best relations with our fellow-beings, where there is no mutual suspicion and misunderstanding. There is the Kingdom of Heaven, in the spirit of comradeship and love. Christ was right when he said that the path to such a Kingdom is closed for him who thinks more of his money than of his soul, more of his soul, more of his personal right than of his human responsibility. Now that the whole human world has surrendered itself to the lure of money and power, the severance of human relationship is everywhere becoming evident and the fight between classes is spreading wide.

If you must have peace, you will have to fight the spirit of this demon, the Nation. You may think it hopeless, but do you not realize that its first appearance was not so long ago, not more than two centuries; that it has not the sign of immortality upon it, that already

it is tottering towards its downfall? You must know that if we cling to this sinking ship, we also shall be drowned.

Let me appeal to your imagination. If we could go back into the distant past, we would know of facts that are not in histories. We would know that groups of men grew into great peoples through overcoming a feeling of distrust and cultivating sympathy for each other. It was not at all easy; for our passions are individualistic, our selfishness immensely strong. And yet the impossible has been attained in some societies. A system of discipline has been established, the sentiments of sympathy cultivated and the ferocious savage has been tamed on a wholesale scale. We must also know that those who went on indulging in their selfish isolation, perished.

Suppose that the idealists had been there in those days and that they had had the courage to speak to those who still believed in robbery and muscular brutality and to warn them that they would never form great nations, do you they think that they would have been listened to? They would promptly have been eaten up!

In the early history of life in this world, with its display of stupendous bodily bulk and strength, when puny man first appeared on this earth, could his final victory have been predicted by the logic of appearances? In the same manner, it is apparently unbelievable today that only those who can overcome the egoistic sense of nationalism, who can develop the understanding of sympathy that pierces through barriers of race differences, who have the enduring strength of meekness, will inherit the earth; and not those who are imagined to be born rulers of men.

Often have my western friends almost sneeringly said to me that we in the East have no faith in Democracy, and thereupon they have asserted the superiority of their own mind over ours. Not being combative, I did not want to argue the matter and contradict them in their deep-rooted illusion. I know that in our part of the world we have some people who, as being of noble descent, are considered aristocrats, and enjoy special rights. My western friends believe that they have no such anomalies in their part of the world.

Be that as it may, one thing they must admit, that because our aristocracy is restricted to a narrow circle, the rest of the people have the true democratic spirit, which is the spirit of the community. About one thing there can be no difference of opinion, that we never had an aristocracy of the whole people, like this monstrous aristocracy so proud of its European blood, which has no pity for others who are darker in color, for those Asiatics and Africans who can be exploited with impunity, as the common people used to be exploited in France before the revolution broke out.

These monster aristocrats consider us to be plebeian, because we are of another continent. While loudly protesting their democracy, they extort false evidence from a make-believe science to prove their race superiority and their right to inherit the earth. These aristocrats of monstrous girth and open jaws are out to feast upon the life blood of peoples whom they have dubbed ignoble, who are expected to feel grateful for providing comfort to the Nordic race with their own extinction. They assert their race aristocracy, not merely through their home-made science, but through the coercion of darker continents to slavery by the shattering arguments of bombs. Today, they are almost openly ready to drop their pretensions to moral culture; but nevertheless they cling to their two illusions, the one of the Nordic race, and the other of Democracy.

We, who do not profess democracy, acknowledge our human obligations and have faith in our code of honor. But are you also going to allow yourselves to be tempted by the contagion of this belief in your own hungry right of inborn superiority, bearing the false name of democracy? Leave the unreality of these professions; hold up to us something which is your very own and not mere imitation. Do you not see how this malady of imitation is rapidly spreading from shore to shore, from nation to nation? It has the same monotony of features, in its offices, barracks, dress and manners, its attitude of mind. Every people in this world is vying with its neighbor to copy it, because being non-living it is easy to copy indefinitely. It is a mask that can be precisely similar in its multiplication, not a face which has spontaneous variety of self-expression.

But the mask can easily smother the living individuality of the face. That is what is happening everywhere in the world, the monotony of the nation killing the individuality of the people. The stone pavement, which can be made in the same stereotyped plan everywhere, deprives the soil of its unique personality of flowers and harvest. Through this deadening influence, even your arts and crafts, all the delicate idioms of expression in your life and surroundings, are fast losing their own living character and stiffening into the standardized convention made in a foreign world. The Nation makes this mould, which may be useful; but we cannot afford to pay its cost with the inspiration of creative life, which is inherent in living peoples.

It is the people in the western countries, that have produced its literature, its art, its music and dance; it is the spirit of the people that spoke through the voice of the great dramatists and artists of Greece, through the voice of Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe; it is the soul of your people, which reigns in your homes, giving them a profound quiet of beauty, in the dignified self-control of your behavior, in the combination of usefulness and grace in all things that you produce, in your inimitable paintings and dramatic performances.

But what are these products of the Nation,—the machinery of destruction and profit-making, the double dealings of diplomacy,—in the face of which moral obligation lies defeated and the spirit of human brotherhood destroyed? You have been tempted, or perhaps almost compelled, to accept them; and we in India are envying you, ready for ourselves to accept as much of them as comes our way. The cruelty and meanness of lies and exaggeration and the greed of self-seeking are creeping up over that soil on which were born those great sages who preached *maitri* and self-emancipation.

Whenever the spirit of the Nation has come, it has destroyed sympathy and beauty, and driven out the generous obligations of human relationship from the hearts of men. It has spread the ugliness of its cities and its markets into the minds and enthroned the demon of deformity on the hearts of men. Though today it dominates the spirit of man everywhere in the world, it will die like the worm which dies in the heart of the fruit that it has devoured. It will die,—but unfortunately it may meanwhile destroy things of unrivalled worth, the products of centuries of self-control and spiritual training.

I have come to warn you in Japan, the country where I wrote my first lectures against Nationalism at a time when people laughed my ideas to scorn. They thought that I did not know the meaning of the word and ac-

cused me of having confused the word Nation with State. But I stuck to my conviction and now after the war, do you not hear everywhere the denunciation of this spirit of the nation, this collective egoism of the people, which is universally hardening their hearts?

I have come once again to remind you. I hope to be able to meet individuals in this country, who have the courage of faith needed to bring about a great future. Let Japan find her own true mind, which will not merely accept lessons from others, but will create a world of her own, which will be generous of its gifts to all humanity. Make all other peoples of Asia proud in their acknowledgment of your greatness, which is not based upon the enslavement of victims, upon the accumulation of material wealth exclusively for your own enjoyment,—wealth which is not accepted by man for all time and is rejected by God.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

The Visva-Bharati Quarterly.

The Great Historic Opportunity of Woman—To Save the World from War

The one incidental benefit of importance which came to the world from the war, was the final cutting of the social and political bonds of woman. The agitation of three generations reached a sudden and complete success as a result of the great world conflict. And it comes at a time when it is clear how woman should use her newly acquired powers—they should be used *to put an end to war.*

Let us not delude ourselves into thinking men will end it. They won't, not at least for a long, long time. If war is to be stopped within the next 500 years it must be done by woman. It is men who rule business, they are the commercial giants who profit by war. Men think in terms of profit and loss, they can not rise higher than that. Men are swayed by age-old hates and prejudices which can not be outgrown for 500 years at least.

Then again men do not suffer so much in war. The great danger of suffering and death is lost in what Anatole France well termed, "the longing of so many men, for the license and adventure which war gives." From the day when David promised three maidens to every soldier if his army won, the fruits of military victory, especially in Europe, have been such as to tempt the young, virile and heedless men.

Women suffer from war—suffer at home and in silence. Mothers suffer as the boys they have borne and reared are made cannon fodder. Woman is fresh upon the political field—great victories may be hers.

And we made a good beginning in America during the war. America had no Romain Rolland among its men, but it did have Clara Clemens and Helen Keller among its women. In the midst of days of emotion and mob rule Mark Twain's daughter sent forth for us to consider that cutting WAR Prayer of her father's. A prayer wherein the minister in one breath prays for the torture of the nation's enemies, and in the next praises himself as a contrite, humble follower of the spirit of love. And the clergy were doing just that when Clara Clemens called our attention to it. And it was Helen Keller, who in the days following the declaration of war, took so bold a stand against entering the European conflict, and who sanely said—"The making of guns means more guns, and the more guns, the more conflict."

The Rumanian prima donna who came here in 1917 appealed to American women to work against war and told them there was nothing so terrible in all human life as war.

Again I believe women have the courage to fight through a battle to end war. Men attempt to reason and usually get mixed. Women follow intuition, they reason as Tolstoy used to call it, "with the whole being." Hence they could not be misled by false arguments.

Olive Schreiner in her great book, "Woman and Labor," challenges her sisters of the world to see that women carry war's burdens, and they should work for its end. I quote from her words:—

> In supplying men for the carnage of the battlefield, women have not merely lost actually more blood, and gone through more acute suffering than men, in the months of child bearing and the final agony of child birth, but the strain of the years of rearing of the children is greater than has ever happened to the knapsacked soldier on the march. We mothers must declare, that the baby-mouths drawing life at our breasts, shall never lie with glazed eye-balls and swollen faces, and fixed, blue, unclosed mouths on the battlefield. It must not be that acres of land be manured with the human flesh we bear. We women must raise an inexorable cry. That *this must not be.*

The definite thing to do is not hard to see.

Woman should raise her political voice, and as a voter, in club and church, as a constituent of congressman and senator, work for disarmament. When nations cease to tote guns on their hip they will be less ready to shoot. The thing that was necessary to stop shooting in the new west country was to prohibit gun-toting. It is the same with nations.

Second—Every woman should use her political power for constitutional changes in every nation, which would require a *referendum vote* of all the people to enter war. The power to order a people into war is too great and too dangerous for the people to relinquish. America would not let a president do it—it must be done by a majority of Congress—and that is too small. No one should have power to order war but the people themselves. And once this comes with *all* nations, war will cease. Even Germany with a month for agitation and education could never have gotten a referendum vote for war.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

If the press of the world would adopt and persist in the high resolve that war should be no more, the clang of arms would cease from the rising of the sun to its going down, and we should fancy that at last our ears, no longer stunned by the din of the battle, might hear the morning stars singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy.

John Hay.

THE STUDY TABLE

A Tale of Mormons

Mr. Werner has produced in this second work from his pen* an abler book than his "Barnum," which was so deservedly popular two years ago. The subject, of course, is larger and more important, as well as vastly more difficult, for the story of Brigham Young is the story not of an eccentric man, but of an historical episode, a religious movement, a world event of profound psychological and sociological significance. We are tempted to wonder if Mr. Werner realized this when he turned from the Bridgeport showman to the Salt Lake City prophet. Was he not looking for another American character, half genius and half fraud? If so, he soon discovered how different a problem he had in hand, and adjusted himself to its conditions with a success which has resulted in a book of first-class literary and historical importance.

"It is impossible," says the author in his Preface, "to write the life of Brigham Young without also writing the history of Mormonism, and it is impossible to write the history of Mormonism without writing the life of Joseph Smith, Jr., its author and proprietor. This book attempts to carry out the three tasks together." This is an exact statement of the case, with the further explanation that "the three tasks," when thus inevitably combined, become a "history of Mormonism" more than a life of either Smith or Brigham Young. Especially in the case of the latter is the man the movement and the movement the man. Brigham Young was one of the most distinctive characters as well as one of the most overwhelmingly dominating personalities of his age, yet his career was so inextricably interwoven with Mormonism that he had no life as such apart from the church and the community which he created.

Mr. Werner starts out bravely with an account of Brigham Young's birth and early life down to his conversion to Mormonism in his thirtieth year, the death of his first wife, and his departure for Kirtland, Ohio, "to join the new Prophet of God, Joseph Smith, Jr." This takes only fourteen pages for the telling. Then, with Chapter II, Brigham Young disappears, not to reappear, except at occasional momentary intervals here and there, until a hundred and seventy odd pages later, with the assassination of Joseph Smith in 1844 and the struggle for the succession among the Latter Day Saints. Then, with the flight of the church from Illinois, the long and terrible journey across the prairies, and the entrance into the basin of the Great Salt Lake, Brigham Young takes the center of the stage, not to disappear again till his death in 1877 as the aged and revered head of one of the most prosperous and powerful communities on the American continent. The story of these thirty-three years is an epic of classic proportions, filled with circumstances of heroism and tragedy, horror and absurdity, struggle, humiliation, sacrifice and triumph. It is an amazing phenomenon, comparable to nothing so much as the Old Testament story of the Children of Israel. Werner sees the parallel, and underscores it with such chapter headings as "In the Bulrushes," "The House of Bondage," "The Land of Egypt," "Exodus," and "Sinai." Brigham Young, of course, is the Moses of this later people, and worthily he plays the role. Utah is his single-handed achievement, as the Mormon Church is his perpetual monument. After all is done, his biographer can say nothing less than that "as a statesman Brigham Young is one of the few Americans deserving of the adjective great."

* "Brigham Young," by M. R. Werner. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

The Civil War Again

Professor Channing continues his monumental "History of the United States" in a sixth volume* devoted to what he calls the War for Southern Independence. This has all the familiar characteristics of the earlier volumes—vast erudition, accurate statement, marvellous condensation of almost endless resources of information, judicial impartiality. In general style, the work still remains a somewhat pedestrian performance, although we found this volume, perhaps because of its unescapeably thrilling subject-matter, much easier reading than any of its predecessors. Dr. Channing, however, is no Macaulay or Fiske; what we miss in literary fascination must be made up by exact and thorough scholarship.

This book covers a decade and a half, beginning with the Omnibus Bill of 1850, and ending with the assassination of Lincoln in 1865. Nothing is more remarkable than the wise subordination of the military episodes of this great period, the telling of which takes up scarcely a tenth of the total contents of the book. Political, social and especially economic problems constitute the center of discussion in this volume as in its predecessors. Especially notable is the author's study of the economic factors which determined the alignment of states in the civil conflict, and influenced decisively the outcome of that struggle. The pages on the railroad situation in 1861 are as illuminating an instance of what is meant by economic determinism in history, as we have ever seen.

Professor Channing's survey of this period is in effect a terrific indictment of the South—its civilization, its culture, its social philosophy, its political leaders. He has no bias in favor of abolition at all, but he has swung altogether away from the popular notion of recent years that it was the fanatical abolitionists of the North who brought on the war. This historian puts the responsibility where it has always belonged—on the slave oligarchy of the secession states.

Although Professor Channing spends little time on persons, his book still has many interesting characterizations. Lincoln, of course, is the greatest of all Americans, "incomparably above any one who has ever walked the American stage." Jefferson Davis "possessed a fine mind" and was "an excellent administrator." General Grant is "the greatest of American military men." General Hancock was "one of the most brilliant soldiers in the army." Stonewall Jackson was the Confederacy's "greatest soldier." Stanton's many faults were redeemed by "his golden patriotism."

Professor Channing has performed a difficult task with a superb mastery of his art. The latest and best of his volumes, dealing as it does with the heroic age of American history, brings his work to a glorious climax. We trust that he plans and will live to complete his "History" to the present day. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

* "A History of the United States," by Edward Channing, Volume VI. Published by Macmillan, New York.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR BORAH

Senator William E. Borah,
United States Senate,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Senator Borah:

You may recall some previous correspondence that we had about the League of Nations, and again you may not. I have been opposed to American participation in both the League and the Hague Court because I have believed that neither institution, by the circumstances and character of its organization, could really develop those principles and processes by which, and by which alone, international justice and pacification may be achieved, and because I have not been able to see how our government by entering them could avoid becoming dangerously involved in commitments and disputes far beyond the necessary and proper sphere of its responsibility and much exceeding the competence or desire of our people to discharge.

Nevertheless, yielding to the urging of friends who have said "Go to Geneva and you will be convinced by the spirit and the work of the League," and desiring to avoid narrow-minded prejudice and bigotry, I came to Geneva and have remained here during the sessions of the Sixth Assembly, observing and reflecting upon all that I could see. And because I have received information, from friends of the Outlawry of War Movement in Chicago,—information to the effect that you have agreed tentatively to support in the Senate the resolution authorizing participation of the United States in the World Court for a term of five years, on condition that war shall be outlawed within that time,*—I write to share with you a few ideas, that have come to me as a result of my observations in Geneva.

The meetings of the Disarmament and Judicial Committees of the League proved to be of great interest—chiefly by what they did not do, and could not do. Let me speak, firstly, of the efforts to declare war to be a crime. In the course of the sessions, to which the public is admitted by card, representatives of Spain, Sweden, Holland and some other states presented propositions declaring in slightly differing language *that wars of aggression are a crime in international law.* There followed a prolonged discussion in the course of which it soon appeared that even wars of aggression, or aggressive warfare, is not now a crime and cannot be declared to be a crime, in all cases, by the League of Nations because of the existence of certain clauses in the Covenant of the League itself, particularly of Article 15, which provide that, in the event of the inability of the Council to reach an unanimous recommendation, in a dispute submitted to it, the states retain the full right which they possessed prior to becoming members of the League to go to war. Inasmuch as, in any major dispute involving the large powers, the Council will certainly be unable to reach an unanimous decision or recommendation,—and especially if Germany become a member of it,—this exception virtually nullifies all the other paragraphs of the Covenant which purport to outlaw or prohibit war. When these facts were brought out, in the course of the discussions in the First Committee of the Sixth Assembly, all the delegates—and some of them reluctantly—admitted that they could do nothing more than express a devout wish that wars of aggression *should be declared to be always a crime* in international law. This wish, duly embodied in a draft resolution, was adopted formally, with many other wishes and recommendations to the Council, by the Assembly in its final session. The terms of the Covenant, therefore, by the admission of the First Committee of the Assembly, prevent any effective action by members of the League even to pronounce all wars of aggression to be criminal. And, of course, the question of outlawing war itself, as an institution of which the human race is sick and which is doing the human race to death,—of that question there was not any discussion. Yet nothing less than that will really satisfy the crying need of the world or the enlightened opinion of the American people to which you have many times given expression.

At the same time that this incident was developing, the delegation of Uruguay introduced an interesting proposition to the Assembly which was referred to the First Committee for consideration. It was a proposal to submit the statute of the "World Court" to a new examination, by the Council, with a view to revising the manner of its election, and, presumably, to reconsidering its competence to codify international law, or to submit for ratification by the nations, new and desirable principles of world law. This highly interesting proposition, which, I am convinced, would find much support in the Assembly even as it is now constituted, was tabled and withdrawn by its author when it was mentioned by the chairman that, in addition to Belgium, "a certain important power," (meaning the United States) was seriously considering giving its adhesion to the Court as it now exists—and that, therefore, this was no time to propose any change in its organization.

What does this incident reveal if not the fact that President Coolidge and various members of the Senate, by indicating through public statements their satisfaction with the Court as it is,—given certain reservations which do not greatly affect the character of the Court,—have effectually estopped efforts that would otherwise be made, and perhaps successfully made to revise the statute of the Court and endow it with the independence and the power which it certainly ought to have if it is to become in fact a world tribunal capable of developing international law as opposed to and a substitute for war? And does it not also prove quite plainly that the allegation so frequently heard in the United States to the effect that it is this Court or chaos, this court or nothing, that we must choose, is balderdash? It reveals more than this. It proves, to my way of thinking, that the "World Court" at the Hague is a mere shadow of what a world court ought to be, that it possesses no power whatever to declare even that war of aggression is an international crime, or to render decisions as if that desire were a fact; and that the only existing place where such power can be conferred on the court, or where such desire can be realized, is in the League, which made the Court, which elects the Court, which budgets the Court, and which uses the Court much as the board of trustees of the Steel Trust might use its legal advisory board, to obtain interpretations of the meaning of the language of the treaties of war or peace by which Europe is now governed and under the sinister shadows of which Europe is now trying with a certain pathetic desperation to conclude a lasting peace with itself at Locarno!

If these are the facts,—and any student of the Sixth Assembly of the League can verify them,—it semes to me that there are many more useful things, more fruitful things for the United States to do than to offer to pay part of the expenses of the so-called World Court at the Hague, thereby co-operating judicially in the enforcement of the treaties which it refused to ratify, and to conclude that, with that feeble gesture, a step towards world peace has been taken. Let me suggest just one more useful and more fruitful thing. The League of Nations, disappointing as it is, partial as it is, exists; it exists chiefly because of Woodrow Wilson. It will continue to exist because Europe needs something of the kind desperately and because, if it is only a forum where wrongs can be uttered and public attention aroused, it serves a useful purpose for Europe. Every September the foreign ministers and even the premiers of a score of the principal states come to Geneva to talk about peace and to engage in a dozen different efforts that have at least some relation to the pacification of the world and the relief of its war-inflicted miseries. Whether the subject be opium, or armaments, or passports, or arbitration, the people of the United States and their government ought to be informed—and informed through their own official agents—of what is being done and whither the winds of opinion are blowing. It seems to me absurd for us to have a minister in Siam and to have no diplomatic mission in contact with the governments who are permanently represented at Geneva, and with the work being done here.

What I want to propose, therefore, for your consideration, is the designation and dispatch of a competent American diplomatic mission accredited to the League of Nations next September, on the occasion of the Seventh Assembly, a mission which shall be instructed to learn what is going on, to exchange views with the governments that are here, and, specifically, to negotiate—as many other American diplomatic missions to Europe from Benjamin Franklin and Albert Gallatin down have negotiated—for the ends which the United States Government and the American people chiefly desire to accomplish, to wit, the effective outlawry of war, the standardization and reduction of armaments, the prohibition of the manufacture of and trade in munitions of war, the abolition of conscription,—and for nothing more. Such action does not constitute joining the League, it is needless to say; it does not even contemplate it. It would be simply a conventional, conservative, common-sense way of promoting the policies and purposes which are dear to the American people, which the League of Nations was intended to serve, at least in the mind of President Wilson,—and which, for many reasons, it has not effectively served. I fully believe

* This information is incorrect. Senator Borah has not committed himself, tentatively or otherwise, to this program.—*Ed.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

PROGRAM

Congress on Peace and Security Tenth Annual Meeting of the American Council of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, Detroit, Michigan, November 10-12, 1925

Headquarters: Hotel Statler.

Places of Meeting: Hotel Statler Ball Room and Cass Technical High School Auditorium.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1925

Afternoon Session

Hotel Statler. Ball Room.
2:30 o'clock.

Devotional Exercises.
Presiding Officer: Rev. Lynn Harold Hough, D.D.
Registration of Delegates and Visitors.
Business Session.
Appointment of Committees.
Reports of Officers:
Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, General Secretary.
Dr. Frederick Lynch, Educational Secretary.
Mr. Linley V. Gordon, Associate Secretary.

4:00 o'clock

Address: Rev. Shailer Mathews, D. D.
Address: Mr. Fred B. Smith.

Evening Session

7:00 o'clock

Hotel Statler. Banquet.

Presiding Officer: Rev. Joseph A. Vance, D. D.
Topic: The Security of Friendship.
Speakers:
Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D. D.
Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.
Hon. J. Hugh Edwards, M. P.
Bishop Francis J. McConnell, D. D.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1925
(Armistice Day)

Morning Session

Hotel Statler. Ball Room.
10:00 o'clock.

Presiding Officer: Rabbi Leo F. Franklin.
Topic: The Problem of Security Stated.
(a) The Question of Sanctions—Hon. John H. Clarke.
(b) The Locarno Conference—Mr. James G. MacDonald.
(c) The Use of Armed Force—Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead.
(d) Security Through Arbitration—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.
(e) The World Court—Prof. Manley O. Hudson.

Afternoon Session

Hotel Statler. Ball Room.
2:30 o'clock.

Business Session.
Presiding Officer: Rev. H. C. Gleiss, D. D.

3:00 o'clock.

Topic: Security in the Pacific.
Speakers:
Rt. Rev. Joseph S. Motoda, D. D.
Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, D. D.
Mr. Harry N. Holmes.
Dr. P. W. Kuo.

Evening Session

8:00 o'clock.

Public meeting, Cass Technical High School Auditorium.
Presiding Officer: Mr. Fred B. Smith.
Topic: National Security and World Peace.
Speakers:
Mr. David Hunter Miller.
Hon. J. Hugh Edwards, M. P.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1925

Morning Session

Hotel Statler. Ball Room.
9:30 o'clock.

Presiding Officer: Rev. Edward Cummings.
Topic: The Church and Security.
Speakers:
Rev. Alexander Lyons, M. A.
Rev. John A. Ryan, D. D.
Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr.

Afternoon Session

Hotel Statler. Ball Room.
2:30 o'clock.

Final Business Meeting.
Presiding Officer: Rev. Samuel A. Eliot.
Election of Directors and Officers.
Report of Committees.
Discussion.

Hotel Statler. Ball Room.
4 o'clock.

Closing Address—Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, D. D.

Adjournment

The World Alliance is interested solely in the matter of cementing friendships between nations, by means of work through the churches. It believes that the Kingdom of God can be established in the inter-racial and international relations of men. It seeks to achieve its purposes through the following agencies and activities:

National Councils, Interchange of Speakers and Preachers, Annual World Conference of the International Committee, Bulletins, Correspondence, Co-operation with other organizations interested in similar objects. Visits of commissions between the different countries, educational propaganda through speeches, conferences and sermons.

A Newsletter is issued at frequent intervals and sent to each member of the American Council. It reports to contributors and friends the work done by the Councils at home and abroad.

National Councils of the World Alliance

United States of America, Norway, Holland, Hungary, Turkey, Greece, China, Japan, Italy, Finland, Germany, Latvia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Great Britain, Sweden, Roumania, Bulgaria, Esthonia, Denmark, Australia, Switzerland, France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Serb-Croat-Slovene State.

RUSSIAN RECONSTRUCTION FARMS, Inc.

Villages of Archangelskoye, Estate No. 4, Ter District.

Now that we Newcomers, dropping lightly into clean, whitewashed rooms, or well ordered tents with beds and everything, have picked up their story bit by bit, we begin to understand why our Old Timers renamed the place "Rufstuff on the Kuma." Six weeks they slept like gypsies on piles of straw in two of the rooms of the old masters' house on the estate, eight men and women of that first group. The ninth waited at Novorossisk for the freight which had not come through. The Russian Manager of the farms, Barkovsky, and his family, graciously shared their meager supply of kitchen and dining room equipment, and by eating in two shifts they managed to get through. They whisper of other occupants in those rooms, too, which are not ordinarily found in polite society! These are the sort of stories they have told us with a chuckle.

But what they do relate with real grief is that the plows and tractors did not come when they were expected. If you have the eye of a farmer and could come with us to the top of a certain hill, on the way to Estate No. 7, you would share their grief. There, stretching away at our feet, we can see for miles acre on acre of gently undulating

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that, if such an American commission had been here during the last month, and especially if it had been headed by yourself,—exchanging opinion and participating in friendly contact with the many sincerely progressive forces that are here, the Sixth Assembly would not have adjourned without, either by amending the Covenant or by positive declaration, taking some real step towards condemning warfare as the crime that it is, and providing for the adequate and progressive creation and codification of world law against war.

As time goes on there will appear other things which the independent judgment of the American people will recognize to be necessary, things which can only be done internationally, and which, through negotiation with the governments and use of the technical equipment assembled at Geneva, can be done more speedily than by any other means. There are already enough things that need to be done, which the American people want done, to justify the existence of a first-class embassy at Geneva. If we do not have it, we shall continue to be inundated with propaganda for this or that European enterprise which may be no concern of ours and which we have no adequate means of knowing the truth about. There are not merely a few affairs and a few governments at Geneva; all the affairs of international relationships, and all the governments are periodically focused here. Believe me, they need watching! In our interest, we ought to have an embassy here authorized to negotiate for the things in which we believe, and to oppose the things we think are dangerous. It can be done without even raising the discussion of entering the League. If it were done it would put a stop to the barren argument, and to the constant reproach that the United States is preventing the progress of the world by not appearing at Geneva. Let us do it, and see how it works. If it fails we can withdraw it, and we shall learn a great deal by the experience. Let us do it soon.

Very sincerely yours,—and more power to you!—

Geneva, Switzerland. BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

black soil, some of the finest in all Russia. Not a stone nor stump nor fence breaks the insistent call for the long furrows. It was the end of March when the Group arrived. The peasants had already gone out to work with their rude plows and oxen. The aroma of the new-turned sod was incense to the nostrils of our boys from North Dakota, and their hands itched for the wheel of the tractor.

But freight does come through eventually, even in Russia. On a day in early May, the tractors and plows were unpacked and set up. In less than a month, a thousand acres had been plowed. They did not punch a time clock—their hours were farmers hours: dawn till dark. And the dawn comes early and the sun stays late in this latitude. Fourteen and fifteen hours per day was the average.

Then came harvest and threshing time. The grain sowed, last year under the old management, had to be cared for. And again the machinery was late. But George Iverson, practical farmer and homegrown engineer, took scraps of the old machinery that littered the barn lot and made binders that cut grain. He renovated an English threshing machine of the vintage of a quarter of a century ago and made it thresh that grain. Finally, at the end of the season, two spanking new Case Threshers came and quickly helped to finish up the job.

Two of us sat on the steps of the village headquarters last week and talked to some of the stariks (old men) who had gathered there. Two or three of the collective agricultural groups of our village had been watching our tractors with great interest, they said, and were very anxious to have one for themselves. They were particularly impressed with the number of things these wonderful machines can do.

Not only have these ten tractors ploughed and harrowed and run the threshers, but they have done an enormous amount of transport duty. One of them ran a mill on the place, day and night, for three weeks, when a flood had put the water machinery out of commission. Tractors, too, had pulled logs and stemmed the tide of this same flood which threatened to carry half the village away.

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